

THE
Author of a CHARACTER, &c.

TO THE
Author of a Letter,

Dated, *Enfield*, Feb. 18, 1717.

*Difficile est Satyram non scribere; nam quis Iniquæ
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?*

*Semper ego auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam,
Vexatus toties ——— ——— ?*

Juv.

*There are Moral Poets, as well as Philosophers—— Among
the Satyrists there is excellent Morality,—— I do not
call Moral in that low Sense the Generality of Men understand
Morality,—— I understand here Divine Morality, such
as is engendred in the Soul by the Operations of the Holy Spi-
rit, that inward living Principle of all Godliness and Honesty.*

Claridge's Append. to Gent. Div. p. 38 and 34.



PRINTED in the Year, 1717.

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To



*The Author of a Character, &c.
to the Author of a Letter, dated,
Enfield, Feb. 18, 1717.*

TIS strange! Must Nonsense flow
without Constraint?
And *nat'ral Limners* be debar'd their Paint?
Shall Dulness reign in each unartful Line?
And *Satyr* Reformatations Work decline?
G——n shall first forget his Impudence,
And Preach the Gospel in melodious Sense:
First C——le shall make his *Observations* true;
And P——ce, with Words, shall weave in Reason too:
The *Letter-Authors* first to Wit lay Claim,
And in their empty Writings see their Shame.
In Numbers one, what he cou'd write, convey'd, *Letter to*
Aw'd by my Verse, and of my Style afraid, *the Author*
Frightned with *Satyr*, soon declines the Task, *of a Cha-*
And mildly thinks he's done enough to ask; *rafter, &c.*
Ask, *If from Heaven my Inspiration came?* *Ib. p. 3.*
If I'm enliven'd by a sacred Flame?
When all my Lines evince from what I write,
Clear as the Truth, and evident as Light.
His doubtful *Is's* reveal'd his shud'ring Fear, *Ib. p. 3,*
And in my Just Return they disappear. *4, 5.*
The Last, in vain, a diff'rent Method chose, *Enfield-*
Too thin disguiz'd, he writes in hobling *Prose*; *Letter.*

Like *Æsop's* Ass cloath'd in a Lyon's Skin,
 He seems Majestic till his Ears are seen :
 But hold ! he calls my Pen from pleasing Ryme,
 With his dead Style to keep an equal Time :
 Shall I in that his foggy Dulness trace,
 Tho' gauling *Satyr* still my Will obeys ?
 No : my Verse runs as fast as his dull Prose,
 Pleasant to write, and easie to compose.

Prithee, soft Author, whosoe'er thou art,
 In *G——* what canst see to take his Part ?
 From him no Life, no Inspiration springs ;
 He, *Estrich*-like, wou'd mount, devoid of Wings.
 From him we find to Heav'n an easie Way,
 To please our Wills, and let our Reason sway :
 His Words with an unusual Tone rebound,
 And Gusts of Satan fly in ev'ry Sound ;
 He thund'ring Accents thro' the Concave flings,
 Whilst jostling Echoes meet in airy Rings.
 Pleas'd with the Noise, his fond Admirers
 throng,

And bless the Jargon from his erring Tongue.
 Believe ! I ne'er yet heard th' Impostor preach,
 Or solid Nonsense to the Vulgar teach,
 But in each Line he helps me to indite,
 And shews at once both how and what to write.

Juv. Sat.
I. and III.

He spurs my Passions, he extends my Rage,
 And seems the bauling *Codrus* of this Age :
 Confusion only is his nat'ral Course,
 And still the more he speaks, he speaks the worse.
 Him shou'd I trace thro' his Life's gaudy Scene,
 Indent each Fault with my satyric Pen,
 Paint all his Errors in their proper Hue,
 And bring his secret darling Sins to View,

How

How Monstrous then wou'd G——n's Crimes
appear,

The swelling Tome wou'd tire th' attentive Ear.
Too vast the Labour, I decline the Pains,
And guide the *Satyr* with contracted Reins;
Tho' C——, B——, E——, H——, and L——,
Partake his Follies, they're too mean for me.
These but the little Engines, Screws & Wheels,
Move the great Mass, that scarce their Vigor
feels;

Proud of Himself, like a *Colossus* stands,
And dares the sensual Pow'r that him com-
mands.

Oh! * dost thou think he can escape the Doom,
When secret Thoughts to open Actions come?
Those bad Resolves that, silent, lodge within,
Spring from Hell's Seed, and aggravate his Sin.
How then, where these an open Action find,
Must they torment the Soul, and pain the Mind!
His Sermons pierce him to the quick, and bring
His treach'rous Soul to find th' eternal Sting;
What fearful, vast, impending Judgments wait
Th' enormous *Wretch*, and still their Terrors
threat!

He knows, the Path of Sin he daily treads,
Nor Heav'n's fierce Wrath in flaming Ven-
geance dreads,

Nor crouding Dooms, nor lasting *Odioms* fears,
But still the same in Acts and Words appears.

How sinful he, whom thou wou'dst fain defend,
And shroud th' Intruder in the Name of *Friend*.

With

* — Cur ta-
men hos tu
Evasisse pu-
tes, quos di-
vi consula
Façi
Mens habet
attonitos? et
surdo verbe-
re cædit
Occultum
quatiens
Animo Tor-
tore Flagel-
lum?
Nam scelus
intra se ta-
citur qui
cogitat ul-
lum,
Façi Crimen
habet, cedo
si conata
pergit?
Perpetua
Anxietas, —
Juv.

With *Nallity* of Sense, reverse of Wit,
And *Novelty* of Style thy Letter's writ :

Enfield-
Letter,
Page 3.
Line 1, 2,
3, 4, 5, 6,
7, 8.
Thanks to the *Prelude*, it declares the Thing
Abortive born, and from no genuine Spring.
Say, cou'dst thou hope I shou'd my self perplex
With nothing Thoughts, and a meer Nose of
Wax ;

An Insignificant from tumid Veins ;
An empty Phantom of disorder'd Brains ;
A thing that's void of true Connection too :
With such as these, (O!) what have I to do?

P. 3. l. 9,
10. and
p. 6. l. 14,
§c.
Thou'lt read it seems, what my true Sheets
contain ;

Now read 'em, for an Answer, o'er again :
For since thy Lines contain no Ground of Sence,
What need have I to find a fresh Expence ?
Thou know'lt I write for Truth, nor seek for
Gain,

No Avaritious Thoughts in me remain ;
My *Godly Rage* shall still the Truth defend,
But answering such as thee there is no End ;
Yet since thou vend'lt thy *Dross* for *currant Gold*,
Thy dark vain Sketches I'll to Light unfold.

P. 3. l. 10.
My *Paper-War's* a Type of nobler Fights ;
For Christ with *Belial's* Spirit ne'er unites :
The shining Pow'rs of Heav'n in Combat dare
With Hell's dread Force to make an open War.
What *G—n* is, his Tongue and Gestures shew,
And *C—le* in his own Book himself may view ;
P—ce, and the rest, are speaking Pictures still,
And truly paint 'emselves against their Will.

P. 4. l. 4.
The *soft-style-Letter* met its just Return,
And calmly lies, as in a peaceful Urn,

Whilst

Whilst my *hard Style* retains its piercing Dart,
By which (among the rest) thyself shalt smart.

Who blames my *Publication* and *Design*, P.4.1.6,7.
To cut off *Vice*, and *Falshood* undermine?
What Man wou'd care, where he may use his
Eyes,

To find, instead of Truth, a meer Disguise?
Such are the *Letters Strains*: No Ground appears
In all that's wrote; nor *Proof* the Matter clears:
Words unadapted, unconnected flow,
Whilst yet no Place for *Argument* they know.

When I in G——n find a *lasting Theme*,
And he himself, and I, his Faults proclaim:
He in the Gal'ry draws His *Character*,
And what he raves, in Numbers, I aver:
He speaks, I write (by him alone outdone)
He's *Sat'rist* and the *Subject* both in one:
He paints the Features of his ranc'rous Heart,
And what he draws, I copy out (in Part:)
To this I place a *diff'rent Form* in View,
That ev'ry Eye may see the *False* and *True*.

By me a fair Comparison is made,
Virtue nor *Vice* has a deceitful Shade;
Clear *Tropes of Reason* find their proper Light,
And Truth confronts the daring Hypocrite.

If this can *only gratifie* a Mind
Dispos'd to Anger, and to Ill inclin'd,
Create fierce *Heats*, extinguish *Friendships Grace*,
And *Love* from our *Societies* displace,
I'm lost in Error, gone from Reason's Guide,
And from the Truth, in great Confusion, slide.
But I (secure of Sence) appeal to thee,
If Reason's left, and thou hast Eyes to see:
Shou'd

P.4.1.10,
to 15.

Shou'd *Falshood* reign, and *Vice* untouch'd en-
crease, [Desease?

And through the Church spread an uncur'd
Or, sharpned *Satyr* lance the Ulcerous Wound,
Cut the proud Flesh off, and preserve the sound?

P. 4. l. 17, 18. It's safe to me, and yields a full Content,
To follow *Truth* in my *Experiment* :

If she her Rays through all my Lines diffuse,

P. 4. l. 19, 20. What false, what *bad Effects* can it produce?

To rob a good Name, got by honest Means,
Is bad, and, sure, a *hainous Sin* contains :
But when good Names, by *Methods false and base*,
Some Persons gain, and *Vice* takes *Virtue's Place*,
How just it is to undeceive the Blind,
And lead a Brother the clear Truth to find,
By the Unerring Light of *Truth* and *Sense*?
Besides, 'tis *Love*, and finds a Recompence.
This ought to make us search *Our selves* aright,
And finding *Truth*, detest the *Hypocrite*.

P. 5. l. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. What signifies to say, *Three Teachers* are
Drawn in dark Colours in my Character,
Without a *Wherefore*, that appears so plain,
It justifies my Verse, approves my Strain.
Dark as themselves I'd have the *Colours* seem,
And suit with *Satyr*, as they suit with them.
'Tis done to set the Church *against 'em* too;
(For with *Impostures* what have we to do?)
That such remov'd, the *Ministry* may shine,
Protected and Upheld by Pow'rs Divine.
As long as such assume that sacred Place,
Our *Faith* and *Principles* are in Disgrace :
These preach *'em selves*, or *Christ thro' Envy* preach,
And wanting *Life*, their *Words* no *Life* can
reach. The

The *Church* is wounded, whilst these here remain,
 And the whole Body does the Hurt sustain.
 Who can behold 'em with impartial Eyes,
 Nor *angry* seem? nor let his Passions rise? P. 5. l. 8,
 Nor stand in Godly Zeal for Truth alone? 9, 10, 11.
 Let no such *Coldness* in Her Cause be known.
 From these do I advise our Friends to *fly*, P. 5. l. 13.
 Whose Buildings fixt, on rocky Bases lie?
 But what hast thou to do with *Godly Rage*? P. 5. l. 15.
 It's proper, sure, where we for Truth engage?
 No *Wrath of Man* runs through my *Character*, P. 5. l. 17.
 Is what I here (in Seriousness) aver :
 Persons alone, I never shall dislike ;
 'Tis still at *Vice*, at *horrid Vice* I strike.
 Impending Judgments let me never call,
Vengeance is God's, and he'll repay it all. P. 5. l. 17,
 But in this *Gospel-Day* (when Christ alone 18, 19.
 Shou'd *Rule the Soul*, and *Judge upon his Throne*)
 That Men unfit, exempt from heav'nly Fire,
 From *God's abounding Love* that shou'd inspire,
 Pretend to Preach : 'Tis *Blasphemous* and *Vain* !
 And does not G——n uninspir'd remain ?
 Of *Ministers*, *God's Unction* is the Seal ;
 All shou'd *his Pow'r* and *Love*, in *Preaching* feel,
 Else, dry and fruitless will their Accents flow,
 Who nor this *Heat*, nor *true Anointing* know.
 I'm sorry, when thou'dst *read my Papers o'er*, P. 6. l. 14,
 Thou still retain'dst the Mind thou hadst *before*. 15.
 'Tis bold Asserting, *I resolve to say* P. 6. l. 17,
As many hard things of 'em as I may, 18, 19.
 Since *Reason* bounds my Verse, and all I write
 At once *Convincing Arguments* unite :
 From

- From these *apparent Proofs*, that shine so clear,
 P. 6. l. 19, What *Breakings forth of Bitterness* appear?
 20, 21. In these, how cou'dst *imagine I mistake*,
 When I such plain, such fair *Conclusions* make?
 P. 6. l. 26. Thy *Just Account* may come from *partial Men*,
 P. 6. l. 27. And so thy *Business*, in *Enquiry*, vain :
 But *mine, from their own Words and Actions* comes,
 No *Bigottry*, with me, a Place assumes.
 P. 7. l. 3. Can they be *Good*, who strive to *blind our Eyes*,
 Deceive our Reason, and the Truth disguise?
 P. 7. l. 3. Can they be *Honest*, who their Words deny?
 P. 7. l. 2. Or *Sober*, void of all *Sobriety* ?
 P. 7. l. 4. That G——'s Ministry is well *approv'd*,
 P. 7. l. 6, 7. Or he *with Pleasure heard*, or he *belov'd* ;
 P. 14. l. 4. That a *Good Spirit*, or a *Pow'r Divine*
 & l. 8, 9. Does P——ce to *Our True Ministry* incline ;
 That C——le's *Affertions and Remarks* are true :
 All these I'd have thee, *from sound Reason*, shew.
 P. 7. l. 2. 'Tis not a *Say-so* that will do with me,
 I must have *Arguments*, from *Nonsense* free ;
 I must have *Proof*, I must have *Reason* shine }
 In ev'ry Stroke, and glide thro' ev'ry Line ;
 Else 'tis a vain Pretence, a vain Design. }
 Prove these are true in *All they Act and Say*,
 I'll tear my Verse, and throw my Pen away ;
 I'll then recant of ev'ry Word I've wrote,
 Change *my sharp Method*, and reverse *my Thought*.
 In all, I hate a fearful, half-strain'd Way,
 That neither dare *Assent*, nor dare *Gainsay* :
 P. 6. l. 21. Begun to' *imagine*,—— *Ready to conclude* ;——
 & P. 7. Never on me, with foolish Words, intrude.
 l. 16. Act like a Man, prove mine a *dark Account*,
 Or else to nought, with me, thy Words amount.

Persons

Persons admitted (in this Gospel-Day)
 To *Prophecy* the *Ministerial Way*,
 Are those who *Christ* within 'emselfes observe,
 Who, nor from *Righteous Laws* nor *Precepts*
 swerve:

P. 8. l. 9,
 10, &c.

Nat'ral Acquirement ne'er to this prefers,
 'Tis God alone can make 'em *Ministers*.
 Oh! let none *Preach*, without the sacred Fire,
 And Pow'r, and Life, and a sincere Desire,
 To solemn Hearers, only met to find
 A sweet Refreshment to the fainting Mind,
 Some heav'nly Balm, to cheer the *drooping Soul*,
 And add New Life and Vigor to the whole.
 The *Church* in Pow'r & Judgment still shall stand,
 Built on a *Rock*, and not on salt'ring *Sand*;
 False *Preachers* (such as P—ce and G——n are)
 In this shou'd neither *Place* nor *Portion* share:
 Were such from our *True Ministry* expel'd,
 'Twou'd true Content and Satisfaction yeild.
 If Partial Bigots, void of Reasons *Why*,
 Fix'd in Impertinence, against it cry,
 Shall Impudence and Clamour still bear sway,
 Whilst a *Just Censure* flies, in Noise, away?

As I my own and Brethrens *Peace* desire,
 So still I aim to stop *Contention's Fire*,
 Encourage *Peace*, and *Unity* prefer,
 And base Hypocrisie in all deter.

P. 9. l. 16,
 &c.

Such Ways as these can't root *Religion* out,
 Nor fill *Professors* with pernicious Doubt;
 Create *Divisions*, nor the Church offend;
 Nor *Love*, nor *Charity* from Brethren rend:
 If we desire the *Truth* may flourish, then
 We must detect all Hypocritic Men;

P. 10. l. 13,
 14, &c.

P. 11. l. 7.

For

For where Sincerity and Love are found,
There no *Unnat'ral Heats* nor Feuds abound.

P. 11.
L. 22, &c.

When I *reflect* on my Satyric Way,
To which nor *Anger*, nor Revenge did sway,
No Principle of Ill thereto inclin'd,
Nor an ill Temper from a wrathful Mind ;

P. 12. l. 3.

Nothing *pernicious to the Truth* I saw,
Nothing to break Loves Charitable Law.
This makes me want thy *bold Assertion* prov'd,
And clearly stated, as it thee behov'd :

L. 18, 19,
20.

Shew what *reproachful Turns* abound in mine,
What Falshood in my Words, what bad Design

L. 20, 21.

That *they who God* nor pure *Religion* like,
At least may see at what and whom I strike
That Vice detected to their publick Sight,
Strong *Love* may flourish more, and more unite

P. 13. l. 2.

That Our *Perswasion* may its Honour hold,
Bright as the Sun, and pure as *Ophir's Gold* ;
Let Truth of Us a growing Int'rest make,
That no Intruders our Enclosures break ;
That G——n's such, I've prov'd enough before
And till that's answer'd, I need say no more.

P. 13,
L. 20, &c.

That I *attempt Christianity to raise*
By Methods unallow'd, or vile, or base,
By *Loading the true Ministry* with Lies,
And from my self their *Characters* devise ;
'Tis false ! 'twas never my Design in Verse,
Canst thou a fairer Character rehearse ?
At least confess, have I not spread to View,
A Piece that shews at once the *False* and *True* ?
A Publick Scène is for *Impostors* made,
And stabbing Lines, steel'd Impudence invade

To

To *Laſh* and *Heal* the *Satyr*, arm'd, purſues,
 Who Vice, unmaſk'd, like bold *Lucilius* views,
 With *Lynceus*' Eyes beholds the *Nerves of Sin*,
 And *Falſhood*, cover'd, lurks no more within.

Telephus
 æterna con-
 ſumptus tabe
 periſſet.
 Si non que
 nocuit dex-
 tra tuliffet
 Opem. Ov.

When G——n ſtops from ſecret vicious Ways,
 The Cause of *Satyr* with th' Effect will ceaſe;
 Elſe, let its *Scourge* and *Whip of Steel* remain,

Such Inſignificants as thine diſdain,
 And rage ſecure in its *Defenſive Strain*.

Shou'd I be ſoft and kind to Wicked Men,
 Sure, I'm too cruel to the Pious then.

Nor ſhou'd my Strains in oily Phraſes glide,
 But ſharp, and ſtrong as an impetuous Tide;

A godly Fire and Zeal in ev'ry Line,
 And pious Rage compleat the juſt Deſign.

Since to be *Lukewarm* in the Cause of God,
 Deſerves Correction from his Iron Rod.

Here's the bold Freedom of our Antients found,
 Who Vice (*they ſcarce dare name*) in *Satyr's wound*.

Each *conſcious Wretch*, in Bluſhes, hangs his Head,
 Leſt all his Crimes ſhou'd be in Public ſpread.

The guiltleſs Soul from theſe no Terror finds,
 Nor ſhakes when *Thunder* roars, & *raging Winds*.

Secure from Fear, from ſhocking Danger free,
 Lives in calm Peace, and can as calmly die.

O! let no partial Judgment byaſs thine,
 It ſecretly the Truth will undermine:

Read with Deſire to find the Truth, and then
 I'll wait thy Leiſure to approve my Pen.

Thus having Something to thy Nothing writ,
 I'll end, deſiring thy Encrease of Wit,

That next Diſguiſe may bear a better Face,

And give me Something to confute and trace.

POST-

— Unde
 illa priorum
 Scribendi
 quodcunque
 Animo Fla-
 grante libe-
 ret
 Simplicitas,
 cujus non
 audeo dicere
 Nomen?
 Juv.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Long the præceeding Verse in Slumbers lay
 Whilst, unresolv'd, some Doubtful
 Thoughts bore Sway;
 By turns they rul'd, and chang'd my *first Inten*
 By turns lay dormant, and my self content,
 Till twice the *worthless Letter* pass'd the Press,
 And then I thought 'twas time to seek Redress

A Sanction now affords this Letter Grace,
 And Nonsense bears a more religious Face:
Gwillim subscribes to what another wrote,
 Who, like the *Enfield-Author*, wants in *Thought*
Gwillim, a *Wharfinger* and *Printer* too,
 For Twenty Lines is made an *Author* now!
 Thou *Printing-Author* still renew thy Toil,
 With thy *poor* Works whole Bales of *Paper* spoil
 Outbrave the Fury of an Iron Pen,
 And bear the Satyr's Lash with other Men:

A M——, W——, P——, all alike
 Shall feel the *Stroke*, whene'er I please to strike

Tell, *Philip*, when thou'dst read the *Letter* o'er
 What just *Adaption* to the *Case* it bore?

A *sland'rous* and *dividing Spirit* sways
 In them who cover Lies, and Falshood praise:
 But that in me such *Wrath* or *Flames* appear,
 Tho' thou assert'it it, thou can'st never clear;
Print but one Proof, whene'er thou print'st again,
 Thy Press shall never unemploy'd remain.

But, *Friendly Readers*, now to you I turn,
 And *Authors*, wanting Sence and Reason scorn.
Gwillim's *extreamly satisfy'd* (it seems)
 With his own *mercenary* Thoughts and Dreams.

What

P. G.'s Addition to the last Impression of the *Enfield Letter*, as follows:

Friendly Reader, When I had seriously Perused the præceeding Letter, and considered how seasonably it is Adapted to our present Case, viz. for the checking that Sland'rous and Dividing Spirit which worketh in the Satyrists, and his Abettors, and for the Quenching those Flames their Wrath hath kindled in our Society; I must acknowledge I was extreamly satisfied there with: The Design of the

What Reasonings flow, where Argument's de-
stroy'd ?
 Or Ingenuity, where Sense is void ?
 The Letter's Style, in ALL Respects, agrees
 To Gospel-Doctrine, and Christ's holy Ways.
 Here's *strange asserting*, without Thought or Wit,
 Poor Philip mis'd the Point he meant to hit ;
 How much, his Author's flatt'ring Words infer,
 Your most Obliged ——— Humble Servant, Sir.
 If this be Gospel-Style, I'll freely own,
 Both Truth and Gospel are to me unknown.
 Enough of this : Now, Friendly Readers, try
 Who suits to Reason best, or He, or I ?
 Which is the *healing Salve*, the best Attempt,
 Where Truth still gleams, or, where it is exempt ?
 Where can the best Consideration fall,
 To cut off One bad Limb, or Ruine All ?
 Judge both our Acts by Heav'n's internal Guide,
 And see which of Us turns the Truth aside.
 My Works declare, That no vile Nature sways
 My steady Mind to these Satyric Ways :
 To each clear Sight my Arguments are found
 Nor in my Verse *Revenge* or *Malice* found :
 This makes me bold : I'll bear the Scrutiny,
 And envious Thoughts in *Prose* or *Rhyme* defy.
 Prove me unjust, my censur'd Fault I'll own,
 And make it publick, as my Lines are grown.
 What can be fairer ? What more honest is ?
 Who dare assert, That my Design's amiss ?
 I hate Deceit, as G——n hates the Light,
 And wou'd have all to see both *Wrong* and *Right*.
 You, who desire Our blest *Jerusalem's* Peace,
 Sure, wish to have all *Lifeless Preaching* cease,
 That

the Ingeni-
 ous Author,
 his Style and
 Reasonings,
 being (in all
 Respects) so
 agreeable to
 the Doctrine
 of the Gos-
 pel, and the
 meek Exam-
 ple of Christ
 and his
 faithful Fol-
 lowers. And
 Conferring
 with some
 worthy
 Friends, how
 so Healing
 an Attempt
 might be
 made more
 Useful ; up-
 on their
 pressing In-
 stances,
 back'd with
 the forego-
 ing, and
 many other
 Considerati-
 ons, I was
 induced to
 give it a Se-
 cond Impres-
 sion, and
 Commend it
 to all, who
 wish well to
 Zion, and
 heartily de-
 sire the
 Peace and
 Tranquility
 of our Je-
 rusalem.

P. G.

FINIS.

That Souls, sincere in ev'ry Point, may join,
 And form that *Bulwark strong*, where all *combine*;
 Then let Hell rage, and Plots and Engines try,
 Fix'd on the Rock, we can all Storms defy.

A P P E N D I X.

THUS I had finish'd what I meant to write,
 And left the Style, where Truth affords
 Delight :

Yet from these Strains, my Mind an *easier Way*,
 In softer Verse, wou'd fain her *Thoughts* convey;
 But who can hold from *Satyr*? Who can bear
 When *Noise* and *Bombast* fly in full Career?
 E'en whilst I write, the Prospect greater seems:
Here's lasting Subjects! Here's enduring Themes!
 Insulting Vice still sprouts like *Hydra's* Heads,
 And one lop'd off, another strait succeeds;
 Letter on Letter *G——n's* Errors shroud,
 And wrap th' *Impostor* in a gloomy Cloud.

These answer'd, to the *Press* I bore my Lines,
 To satisfy all *Friends* with my Designs;
 Since still I tread in Truth's plain beaten Road,
 And shun th' Extreams, *Diminutive* or *Broad*.
Time brings *strange Actions* on the World's
 great Stage,

And Piety still finds Hell's utmost Rage:
 E're from the Press this *Answer* found its way,
 Invidious Hearts their ranc'rous *Spleens* display,
 A monstrous *Thing* in monstrous *Rymes* appears,
 As free from *Reason*, as 'tis full of *Jeers*.

*Characters
 of an Osto-
 ber (like)
 Club at
 E——d's.*

Mean

Mean were the *first Attempts*, but meaner *This*,
 A poor, base, unintelligible Piece :
 Here *Friends*, in Numbers, find a *brutal Tongue*,
 And ev'ry Epithet is vile and wrong ;
 Scandals are thrown, where never Scandals lay,
 In no bold gen'rous Style, but *Grubstreet Way*.

These *Characters* are *Rail'ries* wanting Proof,
 His *Verse* insufferable, dull and rough ;
 Nor Cadence, Melody, nor Reason shines
 In all his senseless Phrase, insipid Lines :
 His own *Lampoon* and *Character* he writes,
 Quarrels with *Sense*, and with his *Reason* fights ;
 He lashes G——n, whom he meant to shroud,
 And, *praising him*, he speaks his *Shame* aloud.

'Tis a meer Jumble all, and all affords
 A *Chaos* indigested Heap of Words.
 Now, now it's seen *what sort of Foes* I've gain'd,
 How C——le is lik'd, how G——n is maintain'd.

To E——d's this Invidious Thing is sent,
 Where I was never seen, nor ever went ;
 If it be there *Friends* meet in *Numbers* so,
 I ne'er yet had the Happiness to go ;
 Not one of these knew ought of my Intent,
 'Twas I alone, and they are innocent :

Printing and *Publication*, I alone
 Caus'd of my self, and to all these unknown.
 No Person did to this sharp way entice,
 On me the *Character* entirely lies.

I grieve, that I'm the Cause, that *these* must find
 The Force of ——'s base and ungen'rous Mind.
 Had I born all his Envy, Rage and Spight,
 His *vip'rous Tongue* wou'd yield *unknown Delight*,
 I'd Sport with *Envy*, with her Serpents play,
 Nor shou'd their *hissing Tongues* or *Stings* dismay.
 But see how Monstrous vile the Author's seen,
 To be reveng'd on *One*, he strikes *Nineteen*.

So *Herod* (when the tender *Babes* were slain)
 Shew'd *dire Revenge* and *Cruelty* in vain :
 Blind *Envy* so, that wou'd the *Truth* beguile,
 At *Numbers* strikes, and misses me the while.
Envy, with toothless *Jaws*, and *Slander's* Pow'r,
 Wou'd poyson *Innocence*, and *Truth* devour ;
 Vip'rous her *Tongue*, infected is her *Breath*,
 And *lost Revenge* to her's as bad as *Death* ;
 Yet here 'tis *lost* : She champs her *foaming Jaws*,
 She raves at *Truth* and *Innocence*, the Cause ;
 She curls her *Scorpions*, bites her *Flesh* for
 Grief,
 Consumes her *Strength*, and gnaws away her
 Life.

Friends, arm'd with *Truth*, can bear the Shock
 of Hate,

By *Virtues* Noble, and by *Goodness* Great.
 Still let *black Envy* throw her *Snakes* around,
 And by their hissing *Noise* her self confound ;
 Secure as *Psylls*, on *Lybia's* burning Plain,
 The *Poison's* lost in Air, and *Stings* are vain :
 No *Venom* finds Effect where *Virtue* arms,
 'Tis Proof against all *Hell's* delusive Charms.

I thought my self oblig'd these *Friends* to
 clear,

Or I wou'd scorn to mind his *Scribling* here :
 The little *Shams* and small *Deceits*, too mean,
 Creep far below the *Terror* of my Pen.

I cou'd with *Names* and *Crimes* augment my
 Verse,

And *Names* and *Crimes* in ev'ry *Line* rehearse ;
 But my *Artillery* plays at *Mountain-Vice*,
 A monstrous *Heap* of *Sin* before me lies ;
 Else ——— shou'd find my *Rage*, and trem-
 ling stand,

Afraid of *Lashes* from the *Satyr's* Hand,

Left

Left all his Soul to open Sight be laid,
 And fearful he be to himself betray'd.
 Since he has spoil'd the *Churches Peace* so long,
 And, *loving Broils*, foment's 'em with his *Tongue*.
 He'll surely sue to be Exported then,
 To keep his *Name* and *Credit* up with Men:
 Th' *East Indian Confiner* (where he meant to go)
 Nor of his *erring Way*, nor *Manners* know.
 Then, safe from ——— he'll leave behind
Gallia's brisk Juyce in vaulted Caves confin'd.
 'Tis sprightly Wine that animates his Soul;
 He takes his Vigor from the flowing Bowl,
 Whilst he his Life, neglecting Business, spends
 In *Asking Questions* and *disturbing Friends*;
 Compos'd of Mischief, lives in baneful *Wrong*,
 He still throws *Malice* from his *envious Tongue*;
 Affects the *Topping Air*, wou'd something be,
 And runs himself by *Prate* to *Poverty*;
 Ne'er minds the *great Concern of Life*, his *Trade*,
 But into Politicks he thrusts his Head:
 Mimicks a *Patriot*, weighs the Things of State,
 What may her Int'rest raise, or what abate:
 Consults *dark Measures* how to trap his Friends,
 And jostling *Wrong* with *Right*, the *Wrong* de-
 fends.
 Who cou'd not write *vast Satyrs*, when he meets
 Imperious ——— ride lordly thro' the Streets;
 Two furious harness'd Coursers draw along
 This *Lump of Pride*, and bear him through
 the Throng,
 Whilst in his Shop, some beg, and sue, and pray,
 His proper Bills, at over-time, to pay.
 Vast Numbers stand before the *Satyr's Eye*,
 That shall, untouch'd, in dark Oblivion lye,
 If they but *Quiet* rest, the *Satyr* sleeps,
 And no *strict Guard* on all their Actions keeps;

G——n and *his Abettors* then, no more
 Shall feel the *Jerk*, and dread the *Satyr's Pow'r*.
 But if their *clam'rous Tongues* the *Satyr* wake,
 At its *Just Rage* the *Proudest HE* shall quake.
 I'm bold to write, and scorn the vulgar *Way*,
 Where *Malice* leads the *Characters* astray :
 Shou'd I let loose, *Great Multitudes* shou'd feel
 The *Satyr's* wiry *Whip* and pointed *Steel*.
Nineteen nor *Ninety* then shall do with me,
 And all I write shall be from *Error* free :
 Then *Publick*, as the *Letters* I'll appear,
 Nor be thus fearful of the *Common Ear*,
 No : all such *Fears* I'll banish from my *Breast*,
 Others shall know how *Vertue* is deprest ;
 Others shall read, and reading *judge their Crimes*
 Who spoil the calm and advantageous *Times*,
 When *Truth* (since open *Persecution's* fled)
 Might in sweet *Peace* exult and raise her *Head*.
 Whate'er I write, in ev'ry *Word* and *Line*
 Both *Truth* and *Reason* shall united shine :
 So I at once can all dark *Pow'rs* defy,
 That by *insidious Wiles* give *Truth* the *Ly*.
 With nervous *Arguments* I've fill'd my *Strain*,
 Prov'd *Letters* and *false Characters* but vain.
 And mine, *alone*, shall still the *Truth* maintain.

I've finish'd now, and made my *Work* compleat,
 And none shall my strong *Arguments* defeat.
 No more I'll write, unless provok'd thereto,
 But bid to *Satyr's* *Strains* a long *Adieu*,
 Since I have prov'd my number'd *Labours* true,
 And shewn to all, with what *Impartial Pen*
 I've drawn the *Vice* and *Characters* of *Men*.
 My *Words* shall plead, whilst I in *secret* lie,
 And me, in ev'ry *Conscience*, justify.